

The Outlook

Published Weekly

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

WARSHIPS AND INTER- NATIONAL FRIENDSHIP

THE VISIT OF A YANKEE FLEET TO
SOUTH AMERICA

AND WHAT IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED

BY SAMUEL G. INMAN

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY OF THE COMMITTEE ON CO-OPERATION IN LATIN AMERICA

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ing their question in a hundred forms of unrest, whether the great spiritual element has slipped from the soul of the Administration and all efforts are now being made for a negotiated peace, a "peace without victories," a shoddy peace, a peace which will make all the vast sacrifices of the past three and a half years utterly vain.

One gets the feeling in Washington that the rank and file of the people of America are spiritually far ahead of the Administration in their attitude toward the war. The people are thinking of its costs, its sacrifices, its tragedies, its emoluments to the race, with a truer and finer temper than that which one meets in official Washington. I am not nearly so much afraid of the Administration falling down in matters of material equipment as I am of a dimming or diminishing of that glorious sacrificial spirit which now burns in the hearts of the people. We do not want to turn back at Gethsemane.

For we must win the war decisively. That is the only thing America is living for to-day, its one purpose and function in the world, the end for which it is willing to give all and suffer all. What is needed now in Washington is a stream of spiritual and industrial energy which shall force its way into the ship-building, the Ordnance Department, the manufacture of high explosives—an energy which will brook no obstacle and scorn to employ an excuse, an energy which will produce the instruments necessary to winning a decisive victory for democracy. It does not matter so very much whether it is the result of the Senate Munitions Bill, or whether it shall be a reorganization of the War Industries Board by the President himself; it does not matter much whether it is Mr. Stettinius or Mr. Barnah, or both combined with others; the only thing that matters is that it shall be energy—experienced, plenary, and resistless energy.

Washington, D. C., February 3, 1918.

Next week we shall publish a Washington letter from Dr. Odell entitled "Who Is the United States?"—THE EDITORS.

PERSONAL MEMORIES OF LINCOLN

I—PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

BY AN EYE-WITNESS, JUNIUS B. REMENSNYDER

Dr. Remensnyder, the writer of this article, was a student in Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg during the Civil War. It was his good fortune to be present when President Lincoln, on November 19, 1863, delivered his famous address. It was the idea of Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, to make of Cemetery Hill a National burying-ground, and it was the most appropriate conceivable place, because it marked the "high tide" of the Confederacy, and because here were buried over thirty-five hundred Northern soldiers who died to save the Union in the battle of July 2 and 3, 1863. Few men are now living who were old enough to appreciate the meaning of that address and who were also actually present at its delivery. In more ways than one this account has a personal quality which gives it special value.—THE EDITORS.

THE date for the consecration of the cemetery at Gettysburg (November 19, 1863) was set in response to the suggestion of the Hon. Edward Everett, who had been invited by the Governors of the several States to be the orator of the occasion. No formal address by President Lincoln seems to have been thought of. Mr. Everett was easily the most cultured speaker in the United States, it being generally thought that, if upon any one, the mantle of Daniel Webster had fallen upon his shoulders. Still, it occurred to Judge Wills, the President of the Cemetery Association, that, after the oration, it would be fitting that President Lincoln in a few words should formally dedicate the cemetery to the memory of the brave heroes here sleeping their last sleep.

So in his letter of invitation Judge Wills wrote: "It is the desire that, after the oration, you, as Chief Executive of the Nation, formally set apart these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks."

President Lincoln accepted the invitation and left Washington on November 18, 1863, for Gettysburg. With Governor Curtin, Secretary Seward, and Edward Everett, he went to Judge Wills's house as his guest. The house faced the central square, and when the students (of whom I was one) learned where the President was staying the square was thronged and made painfully vocal with college cries. But the students were determined to see the President and have a speech for themselves. Loud and long-continued calls brought no response. At last, when our patience was almost exhausted, the President, who had been at dinner, which our turbulence had not permitted him to enjoy in peace, appeared upon the balcony. He waved his hand, and, as far as I can remember, uttered these few words: "I am worn and tired. You would like to have me deliver a speech on the great events and issues in which our Nation is now so deeply engaged. But you must remember that I occupy a conspicuous station, where all eyes are turned upon me, and where every word I speak is reported and given exceptional import. Hence I should say nothing except it had been carefully prepared. I have had no time to think, and where one cannot say anything worth hearing he had better say nothing. Good-night."

There was nothing particularly oratorical in this speech, nor did the students think it very complimentary after their tedious wait. So, with a feeling of disappointment, and by no means

favorably impressed, we retired from the scene. President Lincoln had correctly sized the situation. It mattered very little what he said to our thoughtless student body, that merely desired to have its curiosity gratified. He would save himself, and we with others could well wait for the morrow. This little speech made to the college students that night, I believe, has never before been reported.

The next Thursday, November 19, proved to be beautiful. All Gettysburg was alive with crowds, soldiers, distinguished Americans, banners, and music. The procession, President Lincoln on horseback leading, started for Cemetery Hill at about ten o'clock. As I was perfectly familiar with the ground, and by nature not indisposed to improve my opportunity, a fellow-student and I secured what we thought the best place for seeing and hearing. We stood perhaps thirty feet in front of the stand which had been erected for the speakers on the central knoll of the cemetery.

The chief interest centered in the address of the Hon. Edward Everett. His great reputation as an accomplished orator naturally excited the student imagination, which expected to hear in him an American Cicero. And it was an admirable oration, clothed in elegant diction, delivered in a cultured manner, and at times, especially in the parts descriptive of the sacrifices of the soldiers and the solicitude of the anxious at home, very moving and impassioned. It occupied about two hours in the delivery, and at the close was greeted with great applause.

All this while I could not but notice President Lincoln. He was seated in a very tall rocker that looked as if especially made for his gaunt frame. He appeared bored by the address. Its great length and the brilliant rays of the sun pouring upon him, as upon the crowd, seemed to make him uneasy. He swayed restlessly to and fro, assuming all manner of attitudes, giving the appearance of decided weariness. When Mr. Everett's address was concluded, President Lincoln rose, adjusted his glasses, and with the utmost deliberation, and no show whatever of oratorical attempt, proceeded to read his address.

This seemed to be written on a large sheet or sheets of paper, which, either from scarce-suppressed emotion or a slight breeze, fluttered in his hands. His voice, somewhat rasping, was forcible and penetrating, and evidently reached the farthest ear of the crowd.

I must confess that I was not expecting anything remarkable

in the address. President Lincoln did not have the unique reputation then that he later came to have. I looked upon him as a thoroughly honest man, of simple rugged strength, but somewhat uncouth in person and in style, which impression had been deepened in me by his nervous, ungainly manner during the lengthy preceding speech.

But all these impressions vanished from the moment the great leader began to read. His simple power and pathos at once held me. Every sentence seemed perfectly to voice the great history-making epoch through which the Nation was passing. The address appeared to gather up and utter in terse phrase all the mighty issues of the hour. Its force, its clear-cut sentences, its strong monosyllables, were notable. And then the beauty of it! The elevation of thought, the depth of reverence for the martyred dead, the generic truths of democracy, the tender sympathy, were uttered with a rhythmical flow of words that left a musical cadence on the ear. The time, in the midst of the great war for the Union; the scene, the crucial battlefield of the struggle, the hills and woods about us still echoing with the roar of guns and artillery; and, above all, the thousands of hero graves encircling us, contributed to heighten the moral grandeur of the moment. Then, too, more impressive even than the address, the personality of the man himself, incarnating the great issues, shone forth with a compelling power.

II—THREE PICTURES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY LUCY S. BAINBRIDGE

THREE pictures I have of Abraham Lincoln—pictures that can never fade while life lasts. They are not photographs upon paper, but graven upon heart and mind.

PICTURE NUMBER ONE

Lincoln was elected. On the next March he would take his place at the head of the Nation. He came to Cleveland, Ohio, and with Mrs. Lincoln beside him received and greeted the people. The bands played lustily, flags waved from every place where a flag could be fastened, and bunting was draped from window to window outside and inside the hotel where they stayed.

"This reception is for the distinguished citizens," said my brother. "It would not look well for a girl to go."

"But father has been here since Cleveland was a village, and every one knows his record. Surely he is distinguished enough, and as his daughter I could go, and I mean to go, and I am going to shake his hand. So there!"

In a blue dress a red-haired girl with red, white, and blue ribbons was presented. Taking my hand in his, Mr. Lincoln covered it with his other big, warm hand, and for the instant held it. Looking down with a smile, as though he saw the funny side of it all—a smile on that rugged, homely face which made it handsome—he said, "Daughter, I am right glad to see you."

The only other part of this memory picture is that of his turning me over to the little woman in hoops and tiny ruffles who stood beside him.

That girl was such a hero-worshiper that for days her right hand was kept wrapped up so that there would be no need to wash off the warm, loving grasp of Mr. Lincoln.

PICTURE NUMBER TWO

The Civil War was calling men and women to duty. "We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand strong," sang the men. But there was need of women as nurses. That was before the day when well-equipped, trained nurses were ready for service. Among the many agencies for relief was one got up by the Ohio Military Agent. A party of Ohio men were to go to help as best they could, under the leadership of an earnest, practical Methodist minister. One experienced woman was ready to go, and, as one woman could not go alone, I was added as a junior member of the group.

We had been tried at Aquia Creek, where the poor bruised and broken men were brought from Fredericksburg after the battle on their way to Washington hospitals. Our party had been sent to several different points where there was plenty of

At all events, I found myself quite carried away with emotion. I was as greatly surprised as I was enthralled. The sentences that had most impressed me were: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here;" and especially this one, which Mr. Lincoln uttered with a tone of dignity equal to the strength of the thought: "That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom." This noble sentence long rang in my ears.

After the applause had subsided I turned to my friend, Wieting, and said, "What do you think of it?" He answered: "Pretty well done for Old Abe! How did you like it?" I replied: "That speech is a classic; it will take its place in English literature."

Such are my impressions of this great hour in President Lincoln's life, gathered from my vivid memories, and also from the records of my diary.

The grandeur and beauty of this immortal address were not at once recognized. But when it had spread throughout the world, and men had time to take its measure, it soon came to be recognized, as it now is, as one of the two or three addresses most memorable in the political annals of the race; nor is there any fear that it will ever be displaced from this peak of solitary eminence.

opportunity for all our ministry under the direction of the doctors in charge. We had been so close to the front that we had heard the cannonading, and had cared for the men, black from the rifle-pits. At last our party were at City Point; our supplies did not arrive as quickly as had we. The barrels and boxes and bundles were on their way, so that the first night at the Point we had only a tent. The grass was thick and clean, and could serve as bed and chair. Johnny, the drummer boy, rolled in a log, saying, "Here's a pillow for you. Sister Ohio." At dusk a tap on our tent pole showed us a caller. "Will you ladies take in for the night," asked an officer, "Miss Barton? There is no place for her to-night. She has business in the morning at headquarters. We cannot place her, as our supplies are not here."

We gave to Clara Barton a most cordial welcome. She slept beside me, with the grass for a mattress, part of the log for a pillow, and half of my mother's big warm plaid blanket-shawl for a covering. In the morning, when she had gone, I was standing at the tent door, looking out upon the scene of the camp activity, when not far away, just good photographic distance, stood those two great men, Lincoln and Grant, in earnest conversation. There were only a few flags flying and there was no music; no glimpse of a funny story on those strong, sad lips. The President looked as though he might have been awake a large part of the long night and in prayer. At a respectful distance from the two men stood a soldier, as motionless as a statue. They did not see me, and I was careful not to move; but upon my heart and mind there is graven a picture in which every line of that face, that bent form, the earnest attention as he listened or spoke to the General near him, stands out to-day.

PICTURE NUMBER THREE

The body of our martyred President was to rest on its journey to Springfield, Illinois, at Cleveland, Ohio. In the center of the public square very hastily a pavilion was erected, where the body would lie in state. Flags drooped at half-mast; bands rehearsed the saddest of sad music; a committee of young women, decorated with sashes of black, with busy fingers made up huge rosettes and trimmings of black and of white cambric with which to make more pleasing the pavilion where the dead hero should rest. With drawn faces and many a sob, the people came, one after another, to look upon that quiet form, wondering, wondering who could guide the ship of state now that our captain had fallen. The city mourned, the Nation mourned; and to-day, after all the years, we do not forget to love and praise and honor Abraham Lincoln.